

# *A Harp of the Heart*



*by Charles Coke Woods*

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## ACKNOWLEDGEMENT

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A goodly number of the WRITINGS in the following pages have appeared elsewhere from time to time. The author here makes thankful acknowledgements to the following publications in which a number of these products were first printed:

*CURRENT LITERATURE*, New York City.

*POET-LORE*, Boston.

*BIRDS AND ALL NATURE*, Chicago.

*THE KANSAS EDUCATOR*, Kansas.

*THE TOPEKA CAPITAL*, Kansas.

*THE INDIAN WITNESS*, Calcutta, India.

*EPWORTH HERALD*, Chicago.

*MICHIGAN CHRISTIAN ADVOCATE*, Detroit.

*CENTRAL CHRISTIAN ADVOCATE*, Kansas City.

*CALIFORNIA CHRISTIAN ADVOCATE*, San Francisco.

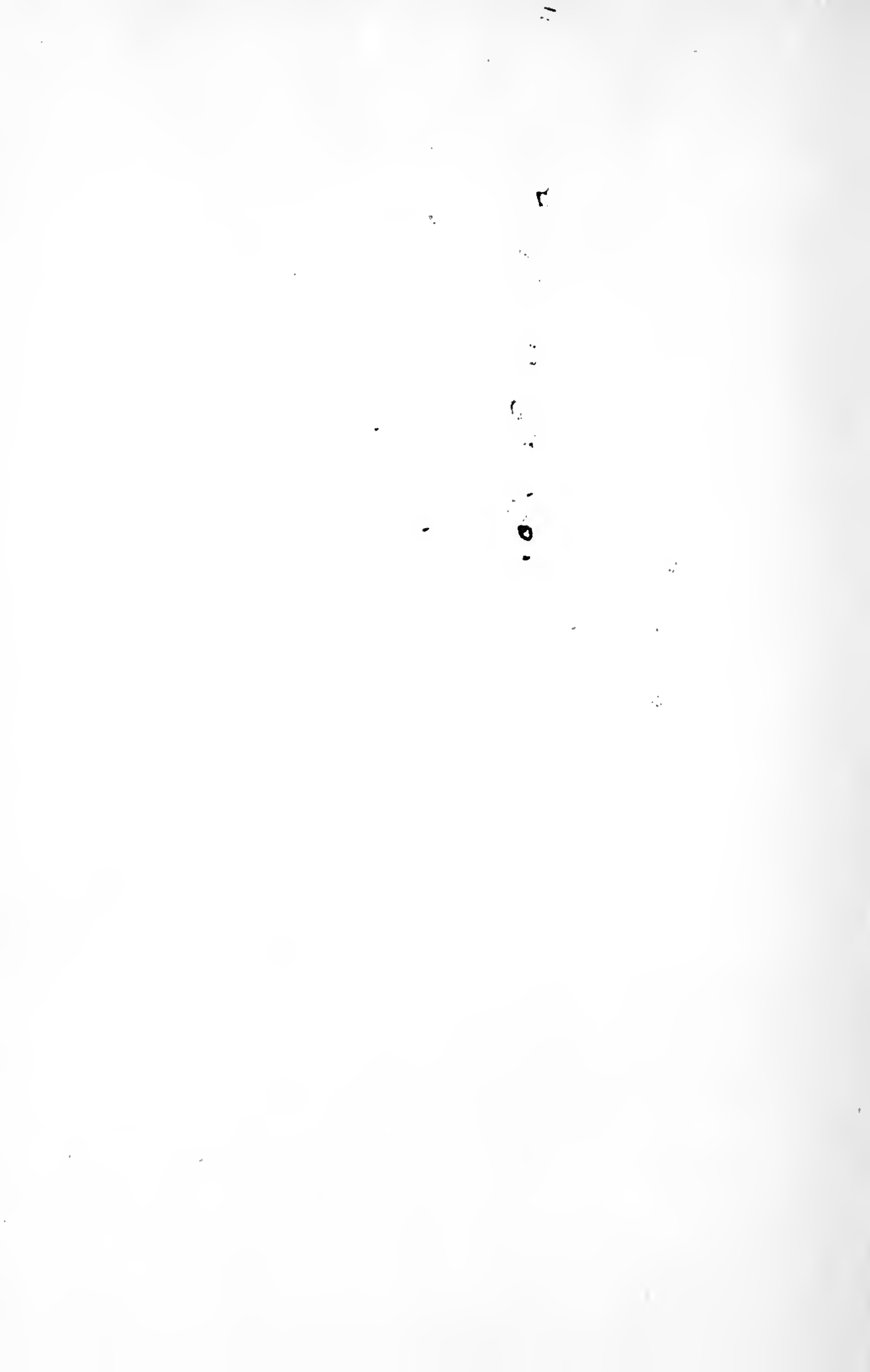
*The SUNDAY SCHOOL JOURNAL and BIBLE STUDENT'S MAGAZINE*, New York City.

The author's greatest gladness would be to learn that these short messages have helped other pilgrims in services of life and love.

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# A HARP OF THE HEART

BY  
CHARLES COKE WOODS



**BROADWAY PUBLISHING CO.**

*835 Broadway, New York*

**BRANCH OFFICES:**  
**INDIANAPOLIS,**

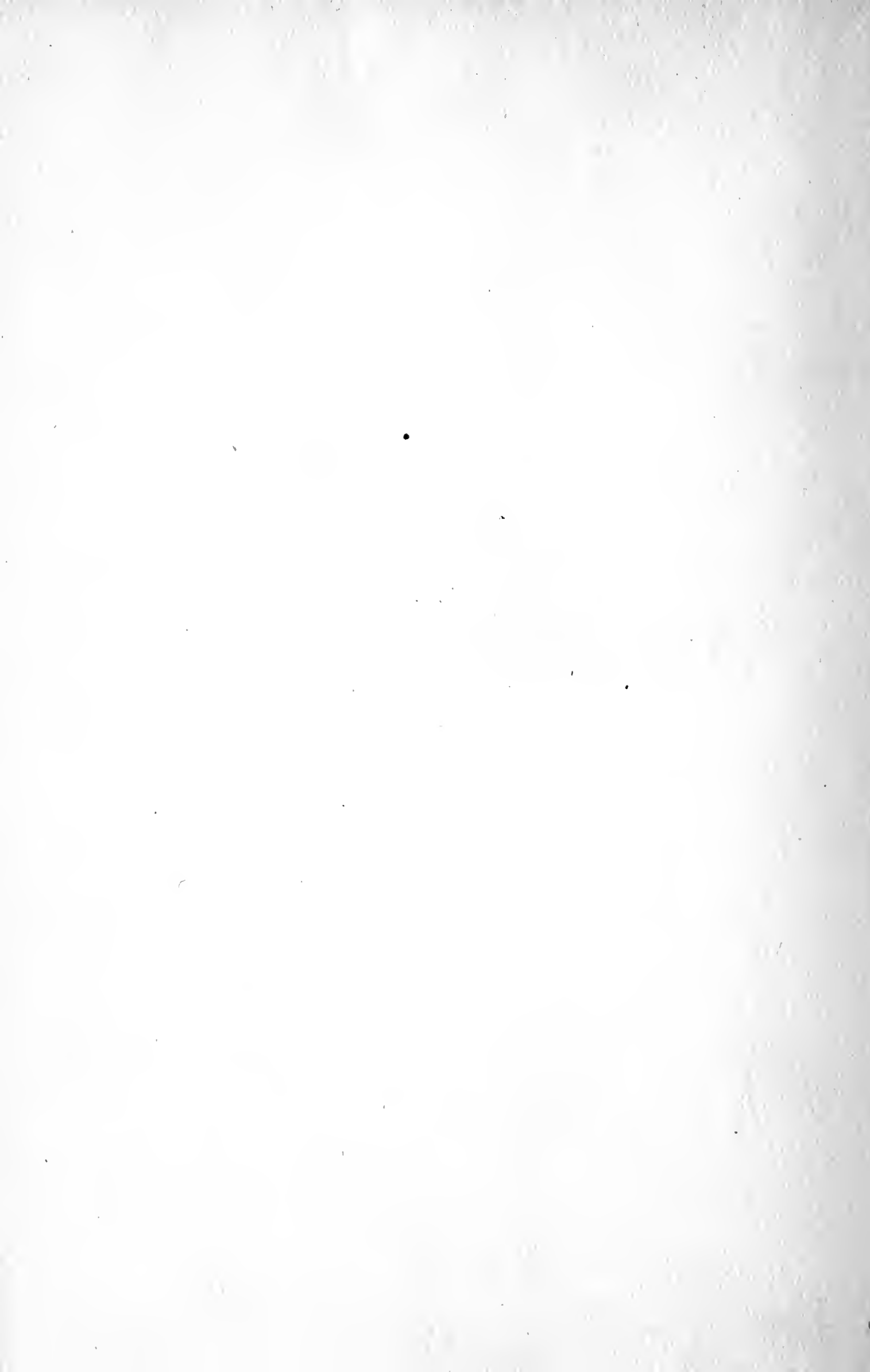
**WASHINGTON,**  
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47 CHARLES COKE WOODS

TO  
MR. M. L. WOY,  
*In Memory of Martha Elizabeth Woy.*

228807



Wondrous scenes of beauty came  
Across the years to me;  
Would I could find some brush of flame  
And paint them all for thee.

Wondrous music flowed along  
On singing winds to me;  
Would I could catch it in my song,  
And sing it all to thee.

---

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Copied from the "California Christian Advocate"  
of San Francisco; issue of Nov. 23, 1911.

## "A HARP OF THE HEART"

By CHARLES COKE WOODS

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Dr. Woods is not a stranger to the readers of the CALIFORNIA CHRISTIAN ADVOCATE. It has been a pleasure to publish now and then a poem from his pen and all know his rare genius in that sort of literature. The Broadway Publishing Company has collected these poems of Dr. Woods and presented them in a most beautiful volume. The book is a rare gift book. Dr. Woods has shown more than ordinary genius in these poems. We commend the book for careful reading—a book full of poems of beautiful, tender, touching sentiment. Ideal for a gift.

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## GOD'S GOOD-NIGHT KISS.

She walked with God, or in the sun or rain,  
And when her time was come to leave,  
She gave no sign of mortal pain,—  
On that near night to Christmas eve.

She faced earth's frowns with faith's unfailing  
smile  
That drove the clouds from all our skies;  
As free as sunlight is from guile,  
Was she, with clear, untarnished eyes.

Her voice in speech was always music sweet,  
And swift her feet to follow pain  
Until arrived at grief's retreat,—  
She hushed all sobs with love's refrain.

Then in the evening dusk the kiss of God  
Fell on her brow, as soft and still  
As dew-fall finds the flowering sod,—  
And all is well that is God's will.

And now she lives that glad, unaging life,  
Beyond the blinding touch of tears,  
Beyond the struggle and the strife,—  
With joy that knows no ending years.



SINGING OF THE SOUL.



# A HARP OF THE HEART

## A DREAM AT DAWN.

A Stranger took my hand in his,  
And at the dawn-time stood with me  
High on a mountain's wind-washed brow,  
And said, with speaking gesture, "See  
All life, and its full meaning now."

I saw unrolled a wondrous scroll,  
And wistful strove to read its page;  
I gazed and wordless grew with awe,  
Nor did the sight my pain assuage;—  
The Stranger said, "Child, this is Law."

A chieftain then in armor clad,  
Stood giant tall behind the scroll,  
Impatient, waiting for his hour,  
With tyrant's heel to crush man's soul;—  
The Stranger said: "Child, this is Power."

Hard by the chieftain stood a queen,  
Too finely fair for speech to name,  
And at her feet unmeasured booty,  
And world-wide was her fadeless fame;—  
The Stranger said: "Child, this is Beauty."

## A HARP OF THE HEART

Engirt with Beauty, Law, and Power,  
Came One whose worth surpassed them all;  
Like rain of gold, light from above  
On her fair face did gently fall;—  
The Stranger said: "Child, this is LOVE."



### SOME OF THESE DAYS.

Some of these days the shadows will shift  
From the face of the sky, and the fogs will lift,  
And peace will bloom in paths of pain,  
As flowers come blossoming after the rain,—  
Some of these days.

Some of these days the burthen will fall,  
And sweet thro' the dark a Voice will call,  
Luring away from the lowering night  
Into a day of uncloudening light,—  
Some of these days.

Some of these days our work will change,  
And widen to reaches of infinite range;  
The finest of deeds we meant to do,  
And the sweetest of dreams will come full true,—  
Some of these days.

Some of these days a Hand in the gloam  
Will beckon away to a radiant home;  
And as gleeful groups when school is out  
We'll gladsome go with joyous shout,—  
Some of these days.

# A HARP OF THE HEART

## HIS PRESENCE.

Some One attends this pilgrim way,  
And treads each path with me,  
He meets my wondrous need each day  
With wondrous ministry;  
His presence doth my soul engage,  
Whose power upholds the earth,  
Who guides all worlds from age to age,  
And every life from birth.

In softened tones He speaks to me,  
His hand's in easy reach,  
My glad heart knows this mystery  
Which passes human speech;  
Transcending all material forms,  
Yet throbbing in each mote,  
His music sounds thro' hurtling storms,  
And in the zephyr's note.

## A HARP OF THE HEART

### THE CONQUEROR'S CREED.

The storm's swift wings belong to God,  
He folds them when He will;  
He speaks along the thunder's voice,  
And bids the din be still;  
His lips of love shall drink the dark  
From every bitter night,  
And all my clouded space shall fill  
With His unclouded light.

No dreams of good are aught too good  
Some day to come full true;  
The largest hope is nearest right,  
God's upper skies are blue;  
All dark despairs shall turn to hope,  
All sobbings into song,  
For God and good still hold the throne,  
And right shall conquer wrong.



### IF WILD POPPIES BLOW.

What matter if wild poppies blow  
Above my sleeping dust;  
Or brief my years, or long, if so  
I have been true and just;  
I care not where my dust may lie,  
Or in the field or wood,  
If only all who pass me by  
Have known that I was good.



# A HARP OF THE HEART

## THE CROWNS.

The reckoning day had come at last,  
The coronation day;  
The years of earthly life had passed,  
Nor could I longer stay;  
I saw the mighty King of Love,  
And heard his gentle word—  
The estimates of life above,  
And His awards I heard.

Ten thousand glowing crowns I saw,  
Set full of shining stars;  
Nor in one crown was found a flaw,  
As earthly blemish mars;  
I wondered whose the shining ones,  
And whose the crowns less bright;  
I said: "The brightest are for sons  
That flash in fame's high light."

Then bowed the King above the head  
Of one with pallid face;  
And as He crowned this one He said,  
"His life was full of grace;"  
But in the halls of earthly fame  
No man could find a shred  
Of that immortal hero's name,  
Nor one great word he said.

He was an invalid in pain  
For many weary years,

## A HARP OF THE HEART

Who kept his spirit free from stain,  
And free from fretting fears;  
But from his bed of suffering came  
Brave words that cheered the throng;  
His love life burned with ceaseless flame,  
And ceaseless was his song.

And then a dwarf with humble mien  
Received a shining crown;  
He scarce on earth was ever seen,—  
A stranger to renown;  
No flaming torch he held aloft,—  
His was a modest light;  
At his small work the haughty scoffed,  
And kept him out of sight.

But when God's light uncovered all,  
On the great reckoning day,  
That dwarf stood tallest of the tall,  
And bore his crown away;—  
A crown thick-set with shining stars  
Was placed upon his head,  
For not one flaw his manhood mars,  
Nor spoils one word he said.

In handing out each soul's reward  
No heed was paid to fame;  
'Twas real worth that pleased the Lord,  
Despite men's praise or blame;  
Mere gifts of genius counted naught.  
In that perfect assize,  
'Twas seen that wealth no crown had bought,  
But goodness won the prize.

# A HARP OF THE HEART

## FOREGLEAMS.

We spread palm leaves beneath Thy feet,  
Resplendent Prince of Light;  
Against our night Thy sunbeams beat,  
And darkness takes to flight.

From seed we sow in sorrow's rain,  
Amid the tempest's din,  
We'll bring bright sheaves from fields of pain,  
Where angels' feet have been.

Field lilies fill footprints of frost,  
When snowdrifts melt away;  
And love-lit faces we have lost  
God will give back some day.

Earth's tombs are draped with living blooms  
From seeds Thy hands have sown;  
Thy quenchless light gleams thro' our glooms,  
And hushes all our moan.

## A HARP OF THE HEART

### "THE CLEARING."

Among tall trees I walked in evening gloam,  
And for a little space saw not the path;  
The dismal owls called thro' the dark, and winds  
Made moan as some spent pilgrim racked with pain;  
Then suddenly I found with sweet surprise  
That in "the clearing" I had come, and stood  
Assured and unafraid at my own door;  
Thus will it be some gladsome time, when thro'  
The tangled dark my stumbling feet have come,  
And with my Father safe arrived at home.



### A NIGHT SONG.

Dumb with dread my faltering feet  
Stand still upon the verge  
Of stormy seas whose billows beat  
My dead hope's funeral dirge.

Is there no Father's hand to take  
The hand outstretched to Him?  
Shall prayer but empty echoes wake  
Among the sea-fogs dim?

Oh, answer, God, speak back to me  
Across this reach of night;  
Touch my slow eyes and let them see  
The coming of the light.

# A HARP OF THE HEART

## LEES OF LIFE.

From chalices of languid life,  
I drain the bitter lees,  
And all the music left to me  
Sobs out from broken keys;

The glad song bird of hope is hushed,  
A-droop with weary wing,  
Nor can the angel of the dawn  
Coax her sad heart to sing.

But fruit was never ripened yet,  
Without the storm and rain,  
And all life's brightest sheaves are gleaned  
With keenest blades of pain;

Mayhap all grief and grim despair,  
Like frost and ice and snow  
Will turn to good when God's sunshine  
Shall make them melt and flow.

# A HARP OF THE HEART

## MIRACLES.

Miracles are wrought to-day—  
There are so many now  
That many men forget to pay  
The deferential bow  
To Him who only hath the skill  
To do the unmatched deed,  
Of working out His wondrous will,  
In mind of man or weed.

I hold "The Sign" to be such thing  
As none but God can do,  
Or be it wrought in floods of spring,  
Or in a drop of dew;  
In "wonders" of the grape and wheat,  
Full ripe in His sunshine,  
I find interpretation meet,  
Of those in Palestine.

God changes water into wine,  
In vineyards, I allow;  
And where His heavy harvests shine,  
He makes the "Manna" now;  
His methods may be otherwise—  
(God's modes are manifold)—  
Than under Palestinian skies,  
In those dear days of old.

## A HARP OF THE HEART

What matter, if He work His will?—  
For only that is good,  
Or in the vale, or on the hill,  
Or in the field, or wood;  
God's will thro' nature's pulses flows,  
In human kind, or tree,  
His works are greater now than those  
He wrought in Galilee.



## CREEDS.

Pagan crumbs in human creeds  
Hold much of error's bane,  
Nor do they meet my outer needs,  
Nor soothe my inner pain;  
How helps it me to know the path  
Where runneth mercy's feet,  
If Love's lips drain no cups of wrath,  
Nor make life's bitter sweet.

Traditions hoary with the past,  
No longer solace me,  
By fickle fancy they were cast  
In Mind's sweet infancy;  
Too real is life to stand on dreams,  
Or fables well devised;  
All Truth is greater than it seems,  
Nor long can be disguised.

## A HARP OF THE HEART

The creed that shows the heart of God  
With less of love than mine,  
Is only dust from earthly clod,  
And ne'er could be divine;  
That creed and Christ are far apart,  
Like desert sand and sea,  
It shows man's error-blinded heart,  
But, God, it shows not Thee.



## THE RETURN OF TRUTH.

Seaward far the billows heaved,  
And left me on the sand;  
Had my own eyes my soul deceived,  
Did I not understand  
That with the tide the Truth had gone,  
And left me lost and lone—  
That never more sweet day would dawn,  
But night winds aye would moan?

I only lay affrighted there,  
Wreck-drift upon the shore,  
And breathed a prayer choked with despair,  
For Truth's return once more;  
The tide had rolled afar from land,  
And left a weary waste,  
Where wrecks and ruins strewed the strand—  
And Truth could not be traced.



## A HARP OF THE HEART

Her glowing face had gone away,  
Her flaming feet had fled,  
I faintly sobbed, but could not pray—  
For TRUTH or *I* was dead;  
But like the rush of waters wild,  
Or floods of falling rain,  
The tide came back in billows piled,  
And Truth returned again.

Truth ne'er had died, but I was dead,  
Cloud-veiled were all the stars;  
And Hope on muffled feet had fled  
Across the ocean bars;  
But when the tide returned again,  
My spirit mewed her youth,  
For walking on the widening main,  
With proffered hands came Truth.



## MY SHEPHERD.

Over the braes with bleeding feet,  
My Shepherd sought for me,  
Through blinding rain and stinging sleet  
That hurtled across the lea.

From sheltering fold I wandered far,  
And groped amid the gloam;  
Night reft the skies of every star,  
And me of friends and home.

## A HARP OF THE HEART

But when my Shepherd's voice rang clear  
Through night's bewildering black,  
That music soothed away my fear,  
And brought the morning back.

I called Him near with pleading cry,  
And with His pitying palm  
He stroked the teardrops from my eye,  
And loved my soul to calm.

He drives away the wolves of ills,  
As Shepherds did of old,  
And on life's winter-beaten hills  
His bosom is my fold.



## THE MASTER.

So true is the Master who rules in the earth,  
That no giant evil can come to the birth,  
But some mighty good springs forth full grown,—  
Seizes a sceptre and climbs to a throne,  
Makes servants of evils, helps truth to the goal;—  
So strong is the Master who rules in the soul.

# A HARP OF THE HEART

## A SOLDIER PRAYER.

Take not away my chance of life,  
Nor ease me of my task,  
Nor grant me furlough from the strife,  
Nor save from scars, I ask;  
But make me bravest of the brave,  
Unswerving, strong, and true,  
And when my comrades dig my grave,  
Say this, "A fair fight through."



## FRIEND.

I would empty thy chalice of heartache and pain,  
Would freshen thy desert with flowers and rain,  
Would draw out the bitter and pour in the sweet,  
And pluck every thorn from the way of thy feet;—  
I would sing in the gladness of summer and bloom,  
And sing out the sadness of winter and gloom;  
Would lessen thy load by enlarging thy life,  
I would sing back repose and would sing away  
    strife.

# A HARP OF THE HEART

## THE INVISIBLE WEAVER.

Behind the warp and woof of things,  
The unseen Weaver stands;  
And from His hand the thread He flings  
That makes the mystic strands.

The tangled skeins unsightly seem,  
Ere passed through His sure loom;  
But woven in the warp they gleam  
Like beauty in a bloom.

Bright threads of weal are spun from woe,  
And night-black threads come white,  
When from His flawless spindles flow  
The finished robes of right.



## FORWARD.

I face the wind,  
I front the storm,  
Nor quail, nor faint, nor backward turn;  
But up the steeps  
With truth-shod feet—  
God made me not to fear or fail;  
I climb and stand  
Above the storm  
Where clouds forever fall away.

## A HARP OF THE HEART

### A JOURNEY WITH MY SOUL.

A journey with my soul I went,  
Among earth's thrones and crowns,  
To find full measure of content,  
In country place or towns.

The highest mountain tops I scaled,  
And searched the deepest vales;  
On seas each passing ship I hailed,  
And yet contentment fails.

I gathered gold from many mines,  
And pearls from many seas;  
I drank from cups of mingled wines,  
And drained them to the lees.

In every land I worshiped Art,  
And bowed at Beauty's shrine;  
But not in studio or mart  
Found I the thing divine.

Like some lost bee far from the hive,—  
Wing strength all gone to waste,  
I find my spirit scarce alive,  
In bloomless deserts placed.

Content dwells not in some far star,  
Nor on some distant strand;  
But duty brings it where we are,  
On any seas or land.

# A HARP OF THE HEART

## VIA DOLOROSA.

The upward sloping path to power has crimson  
stain,  
Drawn from lacerated feet that tread on pain,  
And press their way through battling winds that  
smite them sore,  
Till they have borne the soul above the storm's up-  
roar.

I thought to climb the steeps of strength by rugged  
roads,  
And on my Titan thews bear other Pilgrims' loads.  
But now through vales fog-choked and chill, bereft  
of day,  
I find myself a wayfarer strayed from the way.

The set and stress of brawn and brain and my soul's  
might  
Have been to reach the glowing goal of manhood's  
height,  
And then to stand aloft and lift and draw men  
there,  
Where to glad sceptred souls comes no touch of de-  
spair.

The long-locked secret's soul asserts itself at last;  
I half suspected years ago that when youth past  
I should wake up some day where stinging frost  
winds blow,  
And, startled, find myself unclothed mid wilds of  
woe.

## A HARP OF THE HEART

I grope among Divine *débris* and feel for One  
Amid the wreck,—whose face eclipses noon-day sun,  
And whose voice speaks across the anguish of my  
years,—  
Whose lips drain dry the chalice of my grief and  
fears.

My heart and flesh and my high dreams have failed,  
But like a witless bird on some sharp thorn im-  
paled,—  
Whose life in crimson drops falls back to mother  
sod,—  
Thus my spent soul drops in the open palms of God.



## THE TOUCHES OF HIS HANDS.

I lean not on my earthly lot,  
But on Him whom I know,  
Whose unforgetting love hath not  
Forgot the way I go;  
'And when His love-toned voice I hear,  
And touch His healing hand,  
The darkest skies of life come clear,  
Above earth's shadow-land;  
He walks the highways of the storm,  
In stillest air He stands,  
I feel in climates cold and warm  
The touches of His hands;  
'And if He call me in the night,  
Or at the tide of noon,

## A HARP OF THE HEART

Or when the evening star is bright,  
Or when the mystic moon  
Is raining soft her silvery sheen  
Across night's open door,—  
Where still the shadows' watch—I ween  
My Friend shall come once more,  
(Whose face at night I oft have seen)  
And, leading on before,  
His gentle hand shall safely screen  
These eyes unused to waneless lights,  
That gleam beyond the land of nights.



## THE ARTIST'S DREAM.

Long the yearning artist hunted  
For a block of sandal-wood,  
From the which his skill might chisel  
The Madonna great and good.

But the quest seemed wholly useless,  
And despair stood at the door;  
Must he see his vision vanish,  
Nor return forevermore?

Angel Hope came in the night-time,  
Spreading splendor in her trail,  
Speaking thus with inspiration,—  
“Up, my Hero, never fail.”



## A HARP OF THE HEART

Then the genius seized the oak wood,  
Sleeping at the fireside,  
And from that carved the Madonna  
Which became the wide world's pride.

Thus it is that masterpieces  
Which the dreamer would prepare,  
Hide among the commonplaces  
That surround us everywhere.



### THY HAND.

Thy Hand, Thy Hand, great Friend, Thy Hand—  
The daylight fades, nor in the sky  
Is seen one star to show the way  
Thro' tangled thickets of the dark;  
The sea tides lift, and weary waves  
Fall heavy on the sodden sand,  
And, sobbing at my feet, they die.  
The moon in mist is wholly hid  
Beyond the lonely night-clad hills;  
My ships are all far out at sea—  
Great ships of Faith and Hope and Love;  
Ah, what if they should ne'er return?  
Thy Hand, Thy Hand, great Guide, Thy Hand,  
To steer my lonely little barque  
Around the rocks where breakers beat  
Themselves to fury and to foam—  
O, Master of all storms and seas,  
Till to my harbor home I come,  
My Pilot Lord, Thy Hand, Thy Hand.

## A HARP OF THE HEART

### LOVE.

Love hath eyes that see the deepest secrets shadows  
hold,  
Yet eyes that see in deepest dark the faintest gleams  
of gold;  
And love climbs steeps and spills life's blood in  
every track—  
Nor in the face of death or doom will love turn  
back.

## FIRESIDE SONGS.



## A HARP OF THE HEART

“ARE ALL THE CHILDREN IN?”

Life's lamp was burning low,  
When a mother asked to know,  
If the midnight had been passed,  
And life's journey done at last,—  
Asked once more in whispers thin:  
“Are all the children in?”

*O the winds are cold and wild,  
Chilling many a hapless child,  
Lambs have wandered from the fold,  
In the stormy night and cold;  
Who will search the shadows black,  
And help the Shepherd bring them back?*

“Are all the children in?”  
From the prowling wolves of sin,  
From the place where dancing death  
Breathes o'er all his blighting breath,  
And crouching sets his secret ginn—  
“Are all the children in?”

*O the winds are cold and wild,  
Chilling many a hapless child,  
Lambs have wandered from the fold,  
In the stormy night and cold;  
Who will search the shadows black,  
And help the Shepherd bring them back?*

## A HARP OF THE HEART

“Are all the children in?”

From the starless night of sin,  
Where the winds their revels hold,  
With swirling snow and killing cold,  
And hunger shivers gaunt and thin—

“Are all the children in?”

*O the winds are cold and wild,  
Chilling many a hapless child,  
Lambs have wandered from the fold,  
In the stormy night and cold;  
Who will search the shadows black,  
And help the Shepherd bring them back?*



### WORDS.

If words were daggers, would we thrust  
Them, as we often do,  
Into hearts of those we love,  
And smite them through and through?

If words were arrows poison-tipped,  
Then would we bend the bow,  
And let them fly so recklessly,  
Unheeding where they go?

If words were things that bruise and maim,  
And lacerate and slay,  
Like blades and bludgeons that men make  
For brutal battle play,—

## A HARP OF THE HEART

How greatly guarded we should be  
Of every swift-winged word,  
And oft would many a healing speech  
From our lips be heard.



### HER WHITE HANDS.

From children's faces soiled at play  
Those pure white hands had washed away  
The grime, and gentle words of cheer  
Had soothed away each childish fear.

As white as the lips of the lily's mouth,  
When soft winds blow from the summer south,  
Unmoving at her side they lay,  
A-dream in the light of the dawning day.

As crystal clean as the purest rain,  
Dear hands that knew no sinful stain,  
How oft they bore another's load,  
While from their whiteness music flowed.

I saw One come at morning light,  
And touch those hands so still and white—  
"With Me, My Daughter, come," He said,  
And death, defeated, swiftly fled.

## A HARP OF THE HEART

### IN THE OLD CABIN DOOR.

Beaten and battered by the storms of the years,  
Hushed is the crying and dried are the tears;  
All laughter and frolic have fled long ago,  
And the mossed roof is covered with silence and  
snow;  
But still I can see in the old cabin door,  
One waiting my call as in glad days of yore;  
It is Mother's love watch in the gloaming for me,  
As I home with the kine from the rain-swept lea;  
But Mother now waits in the Palace of Light,  
And beckons me in from the storm and the night.



### PLAYMATES.

Blithe lad of my boyhood days, it seems but yester-  
morn,  
When barefoot brothers you and I played in the  
blooming corn;  
The tassels were adrip with dew, the long leaves  
moist and green,  
And while the soldier stalks stood guard we romped  
the rows between;  
Our hearts were flush as dewy dawn and so o'erfull  
with weal,  
That we forgot our pledged return to share the  
morning meal;



## A HARP OF THE HEART

Sweet tyranny of sportive mood held us in happy  
thrall,  
Till Mother's voice rang through the corn and gave  
the breakfast call.  
On other days we strolled afield through grass and  
leafy frond,  
Far rambling till we came upon the iris-circled  
pond  
That slumbered in sweet Summer's arms as still  
as infant's sleep;  
So glassy clear the waters lay like sunshine in a  
heap,  
That in we forded to the thigh on moss as velvet  
soft  
As any fabric spun from down that rarest birds  
have doffed,  
The dreamy waters slipped about our feet as soft  
as oil,  
And all the world seemed built for play with ne'er  
a spot for toil;  
A lifetime's joys were focused there in those glad  
summer hours,  
When busy bees hummed at their task among the  
iris flowers.  
My playmate lad spoke soft and said, "This time  
will soon be past,  
Youth flies on wings of wondrous speed, nor can its  
play time last;"  
That solemn word broke rapture's spell, and wad-  
ing to the edge,  
We filled our hats to running o'er with iris bloom  
and sedge;

## A HARP OF THE HEART

Then trudging back our weary way along the  
    shaded roads,  
We brought us home where Mother watched and  
    took our fragrant loads.  
Playmate of mine, my heart upheaves with grief in  
    place of joys,  
As I recall those halcyon days when you and I were  
    boys;  
For when I walk across the fields and o'er the mead-  
    ows roam,  
I look to see you coming back—you've been so long  
    from home;  
But yesternight I called for you, 'twas in a mock-  
    ing dream,  
Arm-locked again you walked with me along the  
    laughing stream;  
And just as in the days of yore the merry wood  
    birds sang,  
Where cattle grazed, and gentle sheep, and good old  
    cowbells rang;  
The black haw blooms fell at our feet like fragrant  
    flakes of snow,  
And Spring's warm breath blew far away the chill  
    of Winter's woe;  
The comely boughs of redbud trees with crimson  
    robes were dressed,  
And many a bird with sweet love song wooed his  
    coy mate to nest;  
The aromatic plumules fed the honey-hunting bee,  
While every sight and every sound enhanced the  
    jubilee;

## A HARP OF THE HEART

[The soft May winds with viewless lips and unseen  
kisses came,  
And soothed us with that sense of peace which ne'er  
has found a name.  
From sun to sun the hours were glad and ever full  
with mirth,  
When youth with wondrous genius made a play-  
ground of the earth;  
The light that swathed our pathway then streamed  
down from smiling skies,  
No clouds had risen to shade our hearts, nor grief  
to blind our eyes;  
Some tears had frolicked on our cheeks like playful  
drops of rain,  
But that was Mother Nature's way to save from  
stress and strain;  
No floods that surge like fiery tides from flaming  
furnace blasts  
Had ever scorched our scarless hearts with name-  
less pain that lasts  
And burns its way through troubled years, consum-  
ing every joy,—  
Such fires the woe-worn man may know, but not  
the play-worn boy.  
Full draughts of love we quaffed that day from na-  
ture's brimming bowl,  
And God's good hand with gentle touch close knit  
us soul to soul;  
Weary at length in sportive quest for blossoms in  
the bog,  
We sat us down to rest awhile upon a moss-grown  
log,—

## A HARP OF THE HEART.

Then quick as light it came to me, "The lad has  
been away,"  
But when he knew my heart would break, should  
he prolong his stay,  
He hastened back to meet me there, and hug up to  
my side,  
O laughing lad, in that dear dream I thought thou  
hadst not died!  
With sudden start I quick awoke and gazed about  
my room,  
And heard the moaning winds without that filled  
the night with gloom;  
No happy chum was there with me, no one was at  
my side,—  
Such taunting dreams rebreak my heart since my  
dear Playmate died;  
Would God that life were like that dream and he  
were still with me,  
Then all undaunted would we ride life's weather-  
beaten sea;  
But heartbreak finds a balm at last and hope sings  
once again,  
For as I walk the wave-washed sands beside the  
moaning main,  
The music of my Playmate's call sounds sweet  
across the sea,—  
From happy hills all summer-crowned beyond  
death's mystery.

# A HARP OF THE HEART

## THE BABY AND THE MOON.

High swung in evening sky,  
I saw a silver rim;  
My baby asked me why  
"The dear moon looked so dim."

I told the little lad  
That all the moon was there,  
But still his soul was sad,  
And sobbed at evening prayer.

Be patient, Baby dear,  
That silver rim will grow,  
And through the shadows drear  
The full moon-flower will blow.

Be patient, Baby dear,  
In darkness learn to sing,  
And shadows that you fear  
Shall swiftly take to wing.

## A HARP OF THE HEART

### HEART OF MY HEART.

Heart of my heart, I love you;  
Soul of my soul I do,  
Fair as the stars above you,  
Pure as the pearly dew;  
Your smile is like the morning,  
Your voice like evening bells,  
Your eyes are more adorning  
Than bloom of woodland dells.

*Heart of my heart, I love you;  
Soul of my soul, I do,  
Fair as the stars above you,  
Pure as the pearly dew.*

Out in the woodland straying,  
Where sweet wild thrushes sing,  
Or in the meadows Maying,  
Heart to heart we cling;  
Light of my brightest daytime,  
Star of my darkest night,  
Mate of my youthful playtime,—  
Soul of my soul's delight.

*Heart of my heart, I love you;  
Soul of my soul, I do,  
Fair as the stars above you,  
Pure as the pearly dew.*

## A HARP OF THE HEART

### HUSH-A-BY.

Hush-a-by, Dear,  
On my bosom so warm,  
Within is the calm,  
And without is the storm—  
Hush-a-by, hush-a-by, hush-a-by, Dear.

*Hush-a-by, Dear,  
Thou never need fear,  
God's guardian angels are hovering near,  
Hush-a-by, hush-a-by, hush-a-by, Dear.*

Hush-a-by, Dear,  
The musical rain  
Is singing to thee  
The sweetest refrain,—  
Hush-a-by, hush-a-by, hush-a-by, Dear.

*Hush-a-by, Dear,  
Thou never need fear,  
God's guardian angels are hovering near,  
Hush-a-by, hush-a-by, hush-a-by, Dear.*

Hush-a-by, Dear,  
Our God is our Guest,  
Our pillow his arm,  
His love is our rest,—  
Hush-a-by, hush-a-by, hush-a-by, Dear.

## A HARP OF THE HEART

*Hush-a-by, Dear,  
Thou never need fear,  
God's guardian angels are hovering near,  
Hush-a-by, hush-a-by, hush-a-by, Dear.*



## THE HOME-BUILDER.

He left the solaces across the sea,  
And journeyed to a land afar;  
He fled the howling haunts of tyranny,  
To follow long the western star;  
He found a spot at last he christened Home,  
Where toil could rest in love's embrace,  
Where children's happy play in evening gloam  
Laughed all the wrinkles from his face.



## A HARP OF THE HEART

### LAD OF MY LOVE.

Lad of my love, as I look in your eyes,  
And see in their deeps the blue of the skies,  
As I see your quick feet speeding on to the goal,  
And hear in your voice the call of the soul,—  
I could wish for you peace, but battle must be,  
Ere your feet stand unfettered and free;  
The buffeting sleet and the blinding snow  
O'er your fair face must battling blow,  
As on to the goal of strength you go.  
Lad of my love, I would save you pain,  
But in her hot hands she brings infinite gain;  
I would give you the honey, withholding the sting,  
Would keep back the thorns as the roses I fling  
Dew-christened and fresh to your outstretched  
    hand,—  
But, Lad of my love, it is otherwise planned.



SINGING OUT OF DOORS.



# A HARP OF THE HEART

## THE ROBIN IN THE RAIN.

Hear the robin in the rain,  
Not a note does he complain,  
But he fills the storm's refrain  
With music of his own.

Drenched and drooped his finest feather,  
Yet he sings in stormy weather,  
Bird and God are glad together,—  
A-singing in the rain.

That seer-songster's vision traces  
Trails of light in darkest places,  
Pouring through earth's stormy spaces  
The solace of his song.



## CLOUDS.

The great wide sky is a deep blue sea,  
And the twinkling stars are the flecks of foam;  
And the shadows of clouds across the lea  
Are the shadows of ships that sail for home

Who captains these ships that sail so high,  
Who pilots them over the deep sky sea,  
Where the wind-waves roll on the rainy sky,  
And waft their music down to me.

## A HARP OF THE HEART

### THE SHEEP SORREL.

O the sheep sorrel bloom,  
It is death to my gloom,  
When the harp of my heart is unstrung;  
O the sheep sorrel pie,  
Of the days gone by,  
When life was all yearning and young.

It grew at the edge  
Of the sheltering hedge,  
Or mayhap in grasses concealed;  
In the distance I know  
It was like a pink snow,—  
Bloom drifts on the fringe of the field.

O memories dear,  
Bring the glad days near,  
When I hunted the sorrel for pie;  
Better than berry,  
Or apple or cherry,—  
Was the sorrel of days gone by.

# A HARP OF THE HEART

## NESTING TIME.

Nesting time is come again,  
And love is in the air;  
Bluebird, robin, lark and wren  
Are nesting everywhere;  
O love and life are beautiful,  
O love and life are sweet;  
O love and life are lyrical,  
And love makes life complete.



## WILD STRAWBERRIES.

In peaceful prairie fields,  
One shining summer day,  
With bonnets and with hats of straw  
The children went to play.

Bright butterflies were out,  
On errands sweet intent,  
And where they lit with folded wings,  
The happy children went.

The balmy summer air,  
Enladen with perfume,  
Breathed softly over meadow vines  
With white and yellow bloom.

## A HARP OF THE HEART

These vines of summer grew,  
And all their blossoms shed,  
But luscious berries graced the stems,  
When all the bloom had fled.

Again the children came,  
As gleeful as before,  
With bonnets and with hats of straw,  
And some small baskets bore.

Down on their hands and knees,  
With fingers swift and deft,  
They plucked the sweet and scarlet fruit,  
The beauteous blossoms left.

With ruby lips and palms,  
They toiled in happy play,  
And ere the sun stood at high noon,  
Full baskets bore away.

That day of summer joy,  
I never can forget,  
The memory like some dewy dream,  
With rapture thrills me yet.

Sweet wild strawberry vine,  
But yesterday it seems,  
When life was fresh as fragrant spring,  
And bright with youthful dreams.

The dear playmates are gone,  
Who went with me that day,  
To pluck the berries sweet and wild,  
And frolic by the way.



## A HARP OF THE HEART

But memory wanders back,  
Under the open sky,  
In quest of those glad girls and boys,  
Of happy days gone by.

In losses I have found,  
Like that frail berry vine,  
That though the transient beauty fades,  
The ripened fruit is mine.

Though youthful blossoms fall,  
Love's luscious fruit is here,  
And glad I go with baskets full,  
Into life's wider sphere.



### FOG.

'Tis a veil on the river,  
When the rain's on the wold,  
And the drenched leaves shiver  
In the wind and the cold.

'Tis a "Maid of the Mist,"  
Reluctantly drawn  
Aside to be kissed  
By the lips of the dawn.

Lift away the fog robes  
From the face of the morn,  
But leave the dew globes  
On her tassels of corn.

# A HARP OF THE HEART

## THE SMILE OF SPRING.

Hear the whispers on the breeze,  
Hear the singing in the trees;  
Hark the babble of the brooks,  
Making music in the nooks;  
Singing rain is on the hills,  
Dancing bubbles in the rills;  
From their silent beds of sleep  
Blue-eyed grasses wake and peep  
From the cover of the sod,—  
Smiling in the face of God.

## A HARP OF THE HEART

### ALFALFA.

Ten thousand wells were in a field,  
And not a well was dry,  
Nor did they any water yield  
To thirsty passers-by;  
Of purple blooms the walls were built,  
With masonry complete,  
When summer skies the sunshine spilt,  
And filled them full of sweet.

Every well was swung in air,  
And each was blossom-bound,  
Unnumbered pilgrims tarried there,  
On that fair flowery ground;  
O'er the field flew butterflies,  
Like floating flakes of snow,  
Wafted down from winter skies,  
So soft and still and slow.

In that alfalfa field I heard  
The serenade of bees,  
When vagrant breezes blossoms stirred,  
Like trembling organ keys;  
I read the mystic meadow rune,  
Ensphered with rare perfume,  
And heard the lark's love-lute of June  
Trill o'er alfalfa bloom.

# A HARP OF THE HEART

## THE WIND.

Wandering winds moaned through the trees,  
Like serried sobs of restless seas;  
And tree boughs swaying low and wide,  
Groped in quest of days that died,  
Murmuring soft and whispering low,  
Mournful speech of midnight woe,—  
“Farewell, Summer, long farewell.”

Solemn shadows softly fall,  
Lying like some funeral pall,  
On dead leaves and dying grass,  
Where the winds are saying mass;  
Moving noiseless, cold and dim,  
Shadow phantoms gaunt and grim  
Bow sweet Summer, “Long farewell.”

From the drifted leaves emerge  
Cricket cries of autumn’s dirge,  
And dismantled treetops quiver,  
Like long reeds in rushing river,  
While the winds ’mid shadows blow,  
Half articulate with woe,  
And long-drawn sobs, “Fare-well, fare-well.”

## A HARP OF THE HEART

### THE GRASS.

There are sunbeams in the grass,  
Greeting shadows as they pass,  
Shade and shine alternate quiver,  
Like the moonlight on the river,—  
Oh, the glimmer of the grass.

There are gardens in the grass,  
Things abloom in tangled mass,  
Smiling summer breathes around,  
Tang and odor of the ground,—  
Through the fragrance of the grass.

Little homes are in the grasses,  
Dewdrops are the looking-glasses,  
Tiny leaves are baby pillows,—  
Softer than the pussy willows,—  
Little pillows in the grass.

Bare-foot boys were in the grass,  
But they're gone away, alas,  
Down the dim and distant days,  
Hushed the prattle of their plays,—  
In the lush and lonely grass.

## A HARP OF THE HEART

### THE SONG OF THE SICKLE.

The odors sweet,  
Of the yellow wheat,  
Are afloat on the morning air;  
And the sickle's trill  
O'er vale and hill  
Makes music everywhere.

There's health and bliss  
In the morning's kiss,  
And the pulses throb and throng;  
While music floats  
O'er silver oats,  
Where sounds the sickle's song.

The sickle's song  
I would prolong,  
Till war songs hush and die,—  
Till peace of mind  
All men shall find  
Under the harvest sky.

## A HARP OF THE HEART

### THE WILD ROSE.

Sweet wild rose among the grasses,  
Playing with each breeze that passes,  
On thy soft and fragrant breast  
Pilgrim bees delight to rest;  
Thy pink lips and virgin tresses  
Hold more beauty than man guesses,  
And there come with thy glad kisses  
To my heart a thousand blisses;  
Careless beauty in the sod,  
Blooming at the feet of God,  
Christened with the crystal dew,  
Angels must have tinted you;  
Bridal beauty of the lea,—  
Come away and live with me.

## A HARP OF THE HEART

### SWEET WILLIAM.

It was in the April days,  
When the thrushes sang their lays,  
That we searched the blooming woodland with the  
bees;  
And Sweet William graced the ground,  
Shedding fragrance all around,  
While the sunlight sifted through the budding  
trees.

Lips of lavender and pink,  
Eagerly the sunshine drink,  
While the summer air a luscious sweetness spills  
Over grass and leafy tree,  
Over flower, bird, and bee,—  
Till summer fragrance every blooming beaker fills.



### THE PRAIRIE PETUNIA.

Prairie petunia of lavender hue,  
Many a summer have I seen you,  
Fringing the edge of a country lane,  
Or showing your bloom on the grass-grown plain;  
So frail is your flower a butterfly's wings  
Could buffet your petals to beautiful strings.



## A HARP OF THE HEART

### THE SWINGING LAMPS OF DAWN.

Near the threshold of my home,  
A cunning foe had strayed,  
And on a rose tree in the loam,  
A wondrous thing he made;  
Under cover of the night  
He built a silken ginn,  
And at the dawn of morning light  
Bade all the homeless in.

His shining cords were stretched with skill,  
And woven with such grace,  
That none would dream he meant to kill,  
In such a royal place;  
The beauty of his bright bazar  
No one could ever fear;  
Its mirrors caught the morning star,  
That twinkled crystal clear.

The swinging lamps were globes of dew,  
Enkindled by the dawn,  
And when the morning breezes blew  
Across the lighted lawn,  
The glowing lamps swung to and fro,  
Delighting every eye,  
Till dressed in gowns of light aglow  
Was every flower and fly.

## A HARP OF THE HEART

But when the lights began to wane,  
As sea tides slowly ebb,  
I heard the plaintive notes of pain  
That issued from a web;  
And as my cautious feet drew nigh,  
I heard the dying song  
Of one bewildered foolish fly  
That watched the web too long.



## RAIN.

Music raining on the roof,  
Charming all my soul aloof  
From the worry of the world as you fall;  
Merry dancing on the eaves,  
Like the waltzing of the leaves,  
Holds my heart a captive caught in music's thrall.

From the cooling clouds you come,  
With your lullaby and hum,  
Chasing far away the haunting ghosts of fears;  
Then the yearning earth you rob  
Of her dismal desert sob,  
And you sow my soul with smiles instead of tears.

# A HARP OF THE HEART

## FALLING LEAVES.

When the summer's tale is told,  
Silently they slip their hold,  
Like softly falling flakes of gold;  
And shivering trees complain with cold,  
In sobs subdued,—“We're growing old.”



## THE OLD WORLD.

Upbreathed from the soil is the old world's breath,  
Wooing young life from the slumber of death;  
Calling the violets up from the mold,  
And awaking the grasses asleep in the wold;  
The curtains of night with the sunbeams are pinned  
Back from the windows of dawn, and the wind  
Carries the fragrance of bloom everywhere,—  
Be still! the Old World's at morning prayer.

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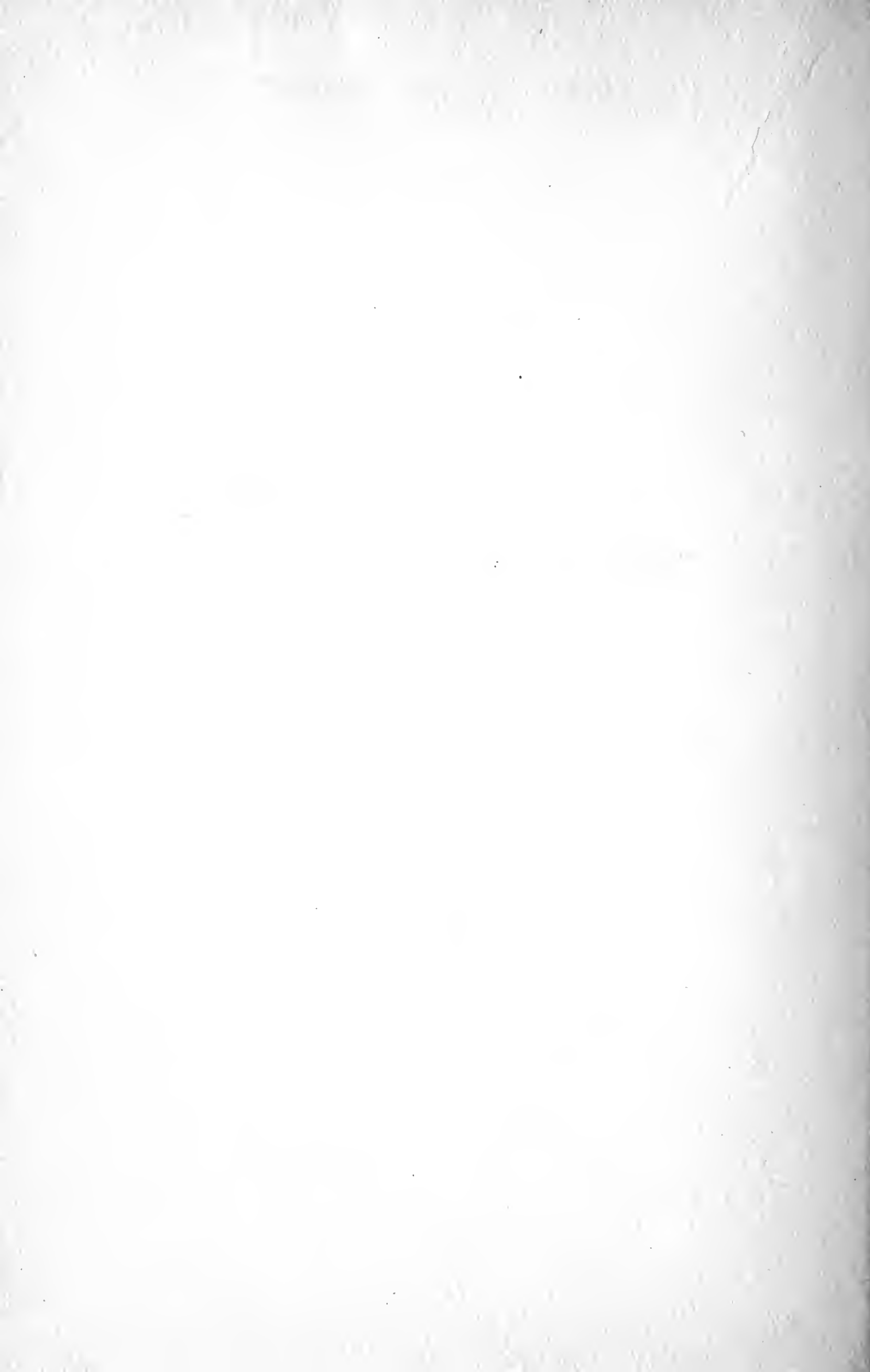
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**SONGS OF HOMELAND.**



# A HARP OF THE HEART

## LINCOLN.

From want and poverty he leaps,  
As if from dreaming trance,  
And climbs with steady steps the steeps  
That challenge his advance;  
Truth-girt he stands serene and strong,  
Where battle bugles blare,  
And with the right subdues the wrong,—  
Divinely brave to dare.

Our common flesh and blood was he,  
Earth-born, but Heaven-sent  
To bring the people's jubilee,  
With love's disarmament;  
Almighty power had girded him  
With undefeated right,  
And when our skies with war went dim,  
God's chieftain won the fight.

# A HARP OF THE HEART

## BROTHERHOOD.

Let liberty and light ensphere the world,  
And fetters from all human captives fall;  
Let velvet palms with shekels full enclasp  
The calloused hands outstretched from forge and  
field;  
Let rich and poor together meet as one,  
On love's broad base—one world-wide Brother-  
hood;  
To boundless rule the Truth has right;—make  
room,  
Ye crumbling thrones of error's sway, give place,  
Truth's firm footfall rings round the world to-day.



## FREEDOM.

White Goddess, spread thy snowy wings  
O'er all thy sons of toil,  
While Truth her Titan hammer swings,  
Thy foe's red hands to foil.

Let rich and poor beneath thy smile  
Work out a nation's task;  
Let no dark deeds thy hands defile,  
Nor vice thy visage mask.

Let hurtling shafts of thunder leap  
From clouds of righteous wrath,  
Let storms of justice swiftly sweep  
Death's red hand from thy path.



# A HARP OF THE HEART

## WASHINGTON.

Devoted to country, to man and to God,  
He arose in his might to shiver the rod  
That oppressed his brothers with burden and thrall;  
As a patriot brave he dared to let fall  
The swift sword of right on the land and the sea,  
Till the foe was subdued and the nation was free.  
A hero in war, but a maker of peace,  
His name and his fame shall forever increase,  
Till freedom's bright banner with colors unfurled  
Shall wave in her glory all over the world.



## JUDGMENT.

From darkling skies the Spirit swept,  
With winnowing wings of light,  
On sea and land He firmly stepped,  
And called across the night;  
Affrighted cravens crept away,  
To hide them from the glare,  
And startled at the sudden day,  
Beastlike they sought the lair.

The great good Guardian of the race  
Has come to claim His own,  
And only right the facts can face,  
Or dare to stand alone;

## A HARP OF THE HEART

The Overseer to judgment comes,  
Umpire of the soul;  
Nor can men bribe Him with the crumbs  
Of any earthly dole.

Through haunts of shame and marts of trade,  
Like judgment thunder peals  
A voice that makes all vice afraid,  
And honest worth reveals;  
The high Historian of mankind,  
Impartial as the light,  
Opens the books in every mind,  
And reads the records right.

Lucre mongers searched by eyes  
That burn through walls of stone,  
And bring to light long hidden lies  
That knaves have guessed unknown—  
Manhood for money they have sold,  
And conscience pawned for pelf,  
But finding naught save earthly gold,  
The man has lost himself.

Alas, for him who, mammon-blind,  
Sees not life's larger sky,  
Where Truth's untarnished eyes still find  
High-lights that never die;  
Pity for him who, like the mole,  
Burrows in dust and gloom,  
Nor knows that God bequeathes the soul  
His universe for room.

THE END.

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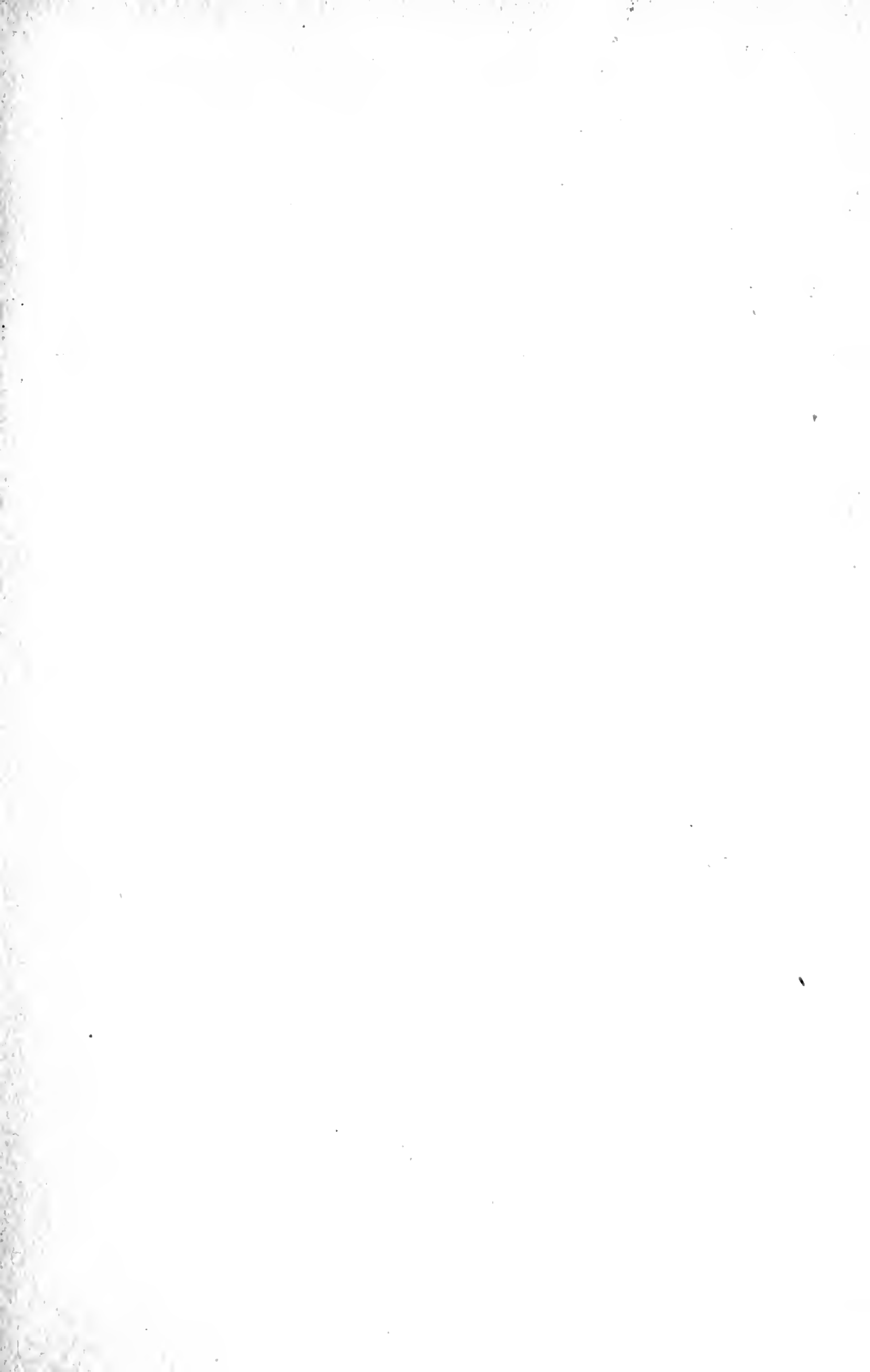
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